THE

Devil upon Crutches

In ENGLAND,

OR

Night Scenes in LONDON.

A

SATIRICAL WORK.

Written upon the Plan of the celebrated *Diable Boiteux* of Monſieur *Le Sage*.

By a Gentleman of OXFORD.

PART II.

O Proceres, Cenſore opus eſt, an Haruſpice Nobis?
JUV.

LONDON:
Printed for PHILIP HODGES, at the *Globe* in *Great Turnſtile, Holborn.* 1756.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

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THE

PREFACE.

IT being the Cuſtom, gentle Reader, for Authors of all Degrees and Denominations, to prefix to their Labours, a Preface or Apology, for committing them to the rude Hands of the Public; I ſhould have thought myſelf guilty of the worſt Ingratitude had I not taken this Opportunity, of paying my Reſpects to all my courteous Friends, for the candid, generous and impartial Reception this Work hath met with from their Hands.

A Work which I may without Vanity affirm, will be looked upon by Poſterity as the greateſt Effort of human Genius, and which will laſt longer than the paultry Productions of that almoſt obſolete Satiriſt, who had by ſome Means acquired the Knack of ſaying very ſevere Things, in a very good Humour, or of that whimſical Fabuliſt who turned all his Gods into Raviſhers and Thieves; though the former had the Impudence to cry out with a Voice of Exultation

Exegi Monumentum Ære perennius,
Regalique ſitu Pyramidum Altius.

And the latter boaſted in a Strain not leſs Inſolent, when he had finiſhed the Relation of his improbable Lies,

Jamque

Jamque opus Exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec Ignes,
Nec poterit Ferrum, nec edax abolere Vetuſtas.

BUT Τὸ καλὸν ϐ καλὸν was the ſaying of a *Grecian*, a very wiſe Man, though a Poet. The Time (if my Foreſight fail me not) is coming when *true* Wit and Humour ſhall rouſe their languid Heads, and once more, as in the Days of CHARLES, re-aſſume their ancient Reign.

NOT to mention the excellent Work thou art now peruſing, caſt thine Eyes around thee, gentle Reader, and obſerve the Preſs ſwarming with Productions that

* The *Engliſh* Reader will not be at a Loſs for an Explanation, if he will take the Trouble to recollect an old Adage, to which peradventure he is no Stranger, *all is not Gold that Gliſtens.*

would have done Honour to an Auguſtan Age.

If thou delighteſt in Novels, innumerable Crouds wait thy Hand, all written by Men of Learning, Taſte and Genius, in theſe thou may'ſt meet with Incidents not formed in the chaotic Brain of a Moon-ſtruck Author, but founded upon Truth and Experience, enlivened with Elegance of Diction, Purity of Sentiment, and illuſtrated with moral Reflections tending to convey to the Mind, Inſtruction and Delight.

If Politics are thy favourite Amuſement, Numbers appear, whoſe only Aim is *to do good to their Country*, who ſet forth with more than *Ciceronian* Eloquence, the preſent happy State of the Nation, unin-

unincumbered with Debts, unoppreſſed by Taxes, at Home unanimous, Abroad eſteemed by Friends and dreaded by Enemies, and all theſe Bleſſings owing to a Miniſtry, who without the leaſt aſkaunt View to Self-intereſt, generouſly employ their whole Time and Fortune, to render their King and Country *glorious*. On the Contrary, ſhouldſt thou be of Opinion that thy Country never was in a more deplorable Situation than at preſent, and that the chief Officers inſtead of aſſiſting the Ship* when in viſible Danger of running upon a Sand-Bank, are rumaging and pillaging the Hold, regardleſs of the piercing Cries and Exclamations of the common Sailors; the *worthy* Author of the MONITOR

* A Metaphor uſed by an obſcure Author, mentioned above.

TOR will join with thee in thy Tears, and in moſt pathetic Phraſe lament the common Danger.

SHOULD this dry Study which requireth from its Profeſſors ſome Knowledge and more Obſervation, be by thee neglected; ſee a Stage more glorious than that of *Athens* appear, to ſhake thy Soul with Terrors, or melt it down to Woe. Here (the heteroclite *Shakeſpeare* laid aſide) the good *Virginius*, horrid to tell! imbrues his Hands in his own Daughter's Blood. Here too the matchleſs PHILOCLEA and the amiable PAMELA

Immortal Names and memorable long,
If there be Force in Virtue or in Song.

Defy the Menaces of an outrageous Woman, and with more than *Amazonian* Fierceneſs, intrepidly ſeek

ſeek out Death e'en in his dread-full'ſt Haunts. Here too the haughty ESSEX, whoſe Fall is to this Day deplored by our compaſſionate Wives and Children, dreſſed all in ſullen Black, aſcends the dreary Scaffold, and after a moving LOOK HERE emphatically pronounced, bids a long adieu to Life and Love.

BUT to return to myſelf

With whom my Song began, with whom ſhall end.

It may be neceſſary to premiſe, that (notwithſtanding an Inſolent Preface of the Bookſellers, which was printed at the Beginning of the firſt Edition of the former Part of this Work without my Knowledge or Conſent) the Characters are all drawn from real Life, and are not the Creation of an heat-oppreſſed Brain,

Brain, but Creatures that actually exiſt. An intelligent Reader will (for Example) eaſily perceive that the Pourtrait of LEONORA belongs to the **** of *C******n*. The *Yorkſhire* Widow, Ignorance itſelf muſt allow to be a lively Picture of Mrs. *M*****y*. The Young Lady who ſo modeſtly withdraws herſelf from the Embraces of her Huſband, can be nobody but Miſs *R*****k*, now Lady *S*****m*, and the City Lady who removed to St. *James*'s for the Benefit of the Air, even a Cit muſt recollect at the firſt View, to be the affectionate Help-mate of Sir *E*****H***, Soap-boiler and Alderman. In the ſame Manner amongſt the Males, who knows not CLAUDIO, the illegitimate Offspring of the *Witty C*****n*? The ILL-LOOKING SLAVE, what Inhabitant of *Oxford* does not

not recollect with Execrations? and what Perſon hath viewed thy towry Pride O *Windſor*, but hath heard the *dignified Informer*'s Praiſe. More Inſtances it is needleſs to mention. If any ignorant ſnarling Blockhead thinks Report more than Obſervation hath guided my Pen, his own Stupidity be his Puniſhment.

HAD the preſent Age, ever ſlow to reward Merit, refuſed to do me Juſtice, to Poſterity, had I made my laſt Appeal; to Poſterity, the candid Critic, the unbiaſſed Judge of all human Productions. But my Meaſure of Fame is full, certain of Immortality, let me cry out with the Poet,

Πα μοι ταὶ Δάφναι; φέρε—

The

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PART II.

CHAP. I.

A Metamorphoſis as ſtrange as any in OVID. *—Account of a Riot in Hell.*

THE inſolent Phoſphor had given the pale-faced Regent of the Night, Warning to quit her Brother's Territories, whoſe Chariot had already appeared over the Tops of the high Eaſtern Hills. In the Language of vulgar Mortals it was Morning, when the Student *Eugenio*, reſolving not to make the Stones

his Bed, determined to retire to his Lodging. This Reſolution was no ſooner formed than executed, and the friendly *Morpheus* received him in his downy Arms. Till the Shades of Night had again overſpread the World, did he continue thus entranced, when the Arrival of a Servant into his Chamber, once more recalled him to the buſy Scenes of Life. This faithful Meſſenger diſcharged his Commiſſion by announcing the Arrival of a Gentleman who called himſelf *Marius*, and was waiting in the Parlour below.

Eugenio, who was a Man of Learning, and conſequently not over-nice in the Decoration of his Perſon, immediately ſlipt on his Cloaths and hurried down Stairs to receive his Friend, whom he had left at *Oxford*, and after the uſual Complements, eagerly enquired what was the Occaſion of his leaving the Univerſity. *Marius* pleaded Buſineſs, and according to a laudable Cuſtom, enquired after the News of the Town.

Now *Plato*, or ſome other Philoſopher hath aſſerted, " that the Deſire of " a Man to relate any Thing marvellous

" that

" that hath happened to him is irreſiſti-
" ble." And *Eugenio* confirmed the Obſervation, by relating to his Friend the Tranſactions of the preceeding Night. When he had concluded his Narration, *Marius* replied with a ſatirical Smile, Indeed Friend *Eugenio* the Air of the Town ſeems already to have had a very great Effect upon your Conſtitution. The Manners of the Univerſity are already forgotten, and thoſe of the *Beau Monde* adopted in their Room. You riſe with the Evening Star, and go to Reſt at the Approach of the Morning, and plead for an Excuſe, that you have been all Night in Company with a Devil. Indeed my Friend, the Cheat is too groſs to paſs unſuſpected: Come, be honeſt, and confeſs that you have been ſacrifiſing to *Bacchus*; I would venture a Wager that you were in the Condition of the Perſon mentioned by our Satiriſt, who

Lay inſpir'd beneath a Sink,
And to mere Mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in
Drink.

If ſo, I ſuppoſe you are not ignorant, whether the Dream paſt through the Gate of Ivory or Horn. You may

joke Sir, as much as you pleaſe, ſaid *Eugenio*, but I was quite awake, had all my Senſes, thank Heaven, in Perfection, and what I have related, credit it or not as you pleaſe, is abſolutely Fact. Very well, cried *Marius*, muſt theſe Fumes of a diſtempered Imagination paſs for Goſpel? But let us examine this Matter more cloſely. The Devil *Leandro Perez de Zambullo* pretended to have converſed with, was a *Dæmon* of Wit and Humour, and had the Knack of telling ſeveral diverting Stories, obliquely ſatirizing Vice and Folly. Unleſs you have wronged *your* infernal Companion in your Narration, I own I cannot perceive that he is ſtill poſſeſſed of thoſe Qualifications. I acknowledge, returned *Eugenio*, after a little Heſitation I could not help making the ſame Obſervation myſelf, during our Converſation. If he was the very identical *Aſmodeus* of the immortal *Le Sage*, as he aſſerted he was, he is certainly very much degenerated, and ſeems to have a greater Inclination to utter blunt Truths, than any exquiſite Strokes of Wit and Humour.

Eugenio at theſe Words, looking his Friend ſtedfaſtly in the Face, obſerved an

an unuſual horrid Frown upon his Countenance. At the ſame Inſtant his whole Form was contracted, and *Eugenio* with Terror beheld the *Dæmon Aſmodeus* in his natural Shape, ſtart from his Chair with a Look of Indignation, inſtead of the pretended *Marius*. Friend, thou haſt convinced me that to err is human, and that thou art a Man, ſaid the *Dæmon*. I ſingled thee out to ſhow thee Vice and Folly, not as the Objects of Ridicule, but Deteſtation. But it ſeems thou prefereſt Wit and Humour to the plain Dictates of Truth. Although the Fool and Knave are the proper Game of Satire where ever met with, yet in ſome Countries it is dangerous to hunt them too cloſe, eſpecially when they take Refuge amongſt the Great. *Le Sage* never dared to publiſh half of my Converſation with the Student of *Alcala*; he lived in a Country where the Voice of Freedom is never heard, and Fear of the Baſtile ſtopt his Mouth. What he dared to print, he ſoftened with his uſual Elegance and Pleaſantry, and choſe rather to heal the Wound by Lenitives than cut to the Bone. By theſe Means he acquired Fame, and he deſerved it.

If with unequal Steps thou followeſt thy Maſter, the Fault muſt lie at thy Door, not mine. Here the *Dæmon* was ſilent, and *Eugenio* in vain endeavoured to form an Excuſe; when *Aſmodeus* perceiving his Confuſion went on. Come, my Friend, I have already forgiven what has paſt; I aſſumed the Form of your old Companion, in order to hear what Account you would give of our Converſation; if there is any Thing elſe you have a Curioſity to ſee or be informed of, let us make haſte, for I have but a very little Time to ſtay with you. In a few Hours we part never to meet again.

Eugenio having a little recovered his Confuſion, deſired to know the Reaſon of his ſudden Departure, without ſpeaking a Syllable; and *Aſmodeus* began as follows: I had ſcarcely Time to deſcend with you from the Steeple, *Eugenio*, much leſs to bid you farewel. Not a Devil upon Duty in this upper World, but was obliged to quit his Charge and Deſcend to the Relief and Aſſiſtance of his Superiors. What Aſſiſtance in the Name of Wonder could they want? ſaid *Eugenio*. Oh! replied the *Dæmon*, there has been a very great Riot

Riot in Hell, which required all our Strength and Skill to pacify it.

A DISPUTE aroſe between the Heroes and the Stateſmen which had been moſt pernicious to the World. The Speaker on the Side of the Heroes was *Alexander the Great*; that for the Stateſmen was a certain Countryman of yours not many Years ſince deceaſed. *Alexander* pleaded that the Heroes had overturned Kingdoms, burnt Cities, murdered Matrons and Children, raviſhed Virgins and ſent whole Armies at once to the infernal Shades: And inſiſted that neither Famine, Fire nor Peſtilence were half ſo prejudicial to Mankind, as an ambitious Monarch at the Head of a formidable Army.

THE Speaker for the Stateſmen, replied with his uſual Sneer, that what he had ſaid might be true, but he appealed to common Senſe and Obſervation, whether *Heroes* were not always the Servants of their Miniſters and uſed by them merely as Agents to execute their Commands. Beſides as there was no *royal* Way to the Throne of Truth, all the Knowledge of the *Heroes* muſt proceed from the Mouths of their *Stateſmen*, who have often ſent their Maſters to be maſſacred, to gratify

ſome

ſome private Pique of their own, or forward ſome favourite Deſign. He concluded with aſſerting, that although an ambitious Monarch might do more Damage than Fire, Peſtilence or Famine, yet a CORRUPTED STATESMAN was certainly a greater Curſe to his Country, than an ambitious Monarch; and that no Kingdom ever was ruined but by thoſe whoſe Care it ought to have been to have protected it.

UPON theſe Words all was in a State of Anarchy and Confuſion. The Prieſts who had made Gods of their Kings and Angels of their Miniſters, divided into Parties. The Poets, eſpecially thoſe who delighted in Dedication and Panegyric, did the ſame; but the Lawyers ſeeing no likelihood of receiving any Fees, wiſely withdrew, one and all declaring they never would meddle in Quarrels from whence they could reap no Advantage. Several Judges were of the ſame Opinion and refuſed to paſs Sentence till the next Term.

Now the Battle commenced with all its Horrors; *Alexander* attempted to lay violent Hands upon *Nic Machiavel*, but the

the politic *Florentine* at this Time truſted more to his Heels than his Head, and ran with the utmoſt Speed roaring thro' *Tartarus*.——The Cardinals *Wolſey* and *Richlieu* raſhly aſſaulted *Charles* XII. of *Sweden*, but the Iron-headed Hero pummelled them both moſt ſeverely.—*Mæcenas* followed by his truſty Friend *Horace*, advanced to the Front of the Battle, when lo! the ſtern, the awful *Pyrrhus* of *Epirus* appeared in View; the Stateſman whoſe Flight was retarded by Fear, ſunk motionleſs upon the Ground, and the valiant Poet ran luſtily away, crying out for his

Non bene relicta Parmula.

YOUR Countryman the Speaker againſt the Heroes, had the Boldneſs to engage *Louis* the XIVth of *France*, but that Monarch who loved fighting beſt at a Diſtance, called out aloud for the Prince of *Conde* to come to his Aſſiſtance; the Aſſailant terrified at that victorious Name, quitted his Prey, but was immediately felled to the Ground, by the Force of *Richard* of *England* the third of that Name. The Conqueror was about to exerciſe his Dexterity, upon his unhappy Victim, but ſuddenly recollecting that he was a much

greater Villain than himſelf, he ſuffered him limping and bruiſed to depart the fatal Field.

Hugh Peters next made his Appearance upon the Side of the Statesmen, declaring that he himſelf by his inflammatory Diſcourſes, had brought his lawful King to the Block; he was going on in the ſame incoherent Manner as when he was in the upper World, when *Oliver Cromwell* ſeiſed him by the Collar; Miſcreant, ſaid he, haſt thou the Impudence to think that thy fooliſh and ridiculous Speeches had the leaſt Influence on my Conduct, which was all through uniform and regular: though I was a *Zealot* in Appearance, yet when the proper Time came, the *Murderer* appeared conſpicuous. When I firſt took Arms againſt my Sovereign, I reſolved, if ever he fell into my Hands, to cement my Power with his Blood. It is true indeed, I offered him Life but it was upon Conditions to which I well knew he would never aſſent, and the Propoſal was only an Exertion of that Policy, I practiſed all my Life. Having uttered theſe Words, he ſeized the miſerable Jeſuit violently in his Arms and hurled

ed

ed him with aſtoniſhing Force in the midſt of the enraged Combatants.

THIS was the State of Affairs in Hell, when *Lucifer* alarmed at the Tumult, ſummoned all his Forces together to appeaſe it. But the Attempt was vain, for all *Tartarus* was now got together by the Ears and nothing leſs than an Inſurrection was apprehended. However, my Maſter was reſolved to make another Trial, and ſummoned all my Companions who were ſtationed in this upper World, to reinforce his Troops. When we arrived, an obſtinate Engagement enſued, till at length hovering Victory perched upon *our* Banners. The Mutineers were carried to different Priſons and there they remain with a ſtrong Guard over them. Your Narration, ſaid *Eugenio*, hath very much ſurpriſed me. I imagined the Power of you Devils was ſo very great, that none of your Subjects durſt in the leaſt diſobey. The Difference between a fallen Angel and a fallen Man, returned *Aſmodeus*, is not ſo great as you may imagine, for he who acts the Part of a Devil all his Life upon Earth, as far as is in his Power, follows the ſame Employment in Hell. But let us make much of

our Time. Before the Morning's Dawn another *Dæmon* will take my Place, and I muſt deſcend to my old Habitation.

CHAP. II.

A View of the Foundling Hoſpital.

Eugenio laying hold of the Skirts of the *Dæmon Aſmodeus*, was in an Inſtant placed with his faithful Guide by his Side, on the Top of a ſuperb Building, which ſeemed rather an Edifice erected to Pride, than the Receptacle of helpleſs, abandoned and deſerted Infants.

Here my Friend, ſaid *Aſmodeus*, let us awhile entertain ourſelves with the View of theſe unhappy Children, whoſe Parents have diſcarded them from their Favour and Protection, and committed them to the Care of an all-ſeeing Providence. Nor is this the Aſylum of the Children of Wretchedneſs alone, for here alſo the Sons of Riot and Luxury ſeek for Safety.

Obſerve that Infant in the firſt Bed on the Right-hand; that, *Eugenio*, is the only

only Son of the once adored, beautiful *Paphiria*; but ſhe now is mingled with her parent Duſt: the ſame Moment that gave this unhappy Babe to the World, ſaw the tender Mother breathe her laſt. Heaven, how myſterious are thy Ways! ſaid the Student, could it have ever entered into the Mind of Man, that the Offspring of the lately almoſt deified *Paphiria*, ſhould receive its Subſiſtance from a publick Charity? Well was it for the Infant, anſwered the *Dæmon*, that there was a publick Charity to receive it, elſe had the bloody Hands of Murder long ſince ſtopt its Breath. *Clodius*, for that is the infamous Father's Name, not content with the Emjoyment of the beſt of Women, thought proper to ſhare his Embraces with a favourite Strumpet he kept in his Houſe unknown to *Paphiria*. It happened that his Wife and Maid were pregnant at the ſame Time; the Miſtreſs of the Houſe was indeed permitted to be delivered in it, and a commodious Apartment in *Cold-bath-fields* was fitted up for the Reception of the Harlot. They were both delivered the ſame Day, *Paphiria*, as I have told you before, reſigned her Breath, and *Clodius* immediately paid a Viſit to his Maid, to ac-

acquaint her with the good Luck that had befel him in the Birth of his Son and the Death of his Wife. She congratulated him upon his good Fortune, and produced a Son whom ſhe had juſt before brought into the World. *Clodius* viewed his Offspring with unfeigned Pleaſure, and immediately propoſed to make the Illegitimate his Heir, and baſtardiſe his lawful Iſſue. The Change was made, and the Son of *Paphiria* and Heir of the opulent *Clodius*, was conducted to this Place, whilſt the Son of a Dunghill, tainted with all the Vices of his Mother, and the Villainy of his Father, revels in the utmoſt Profuſion of Luxury and Magnificence.

In the next Bed is a feeble Infant, unlawfully begotten upon the Body of a celebrated Beauty, by a Perſon of high Rank. It was not the Fault of his Mother that he ever ſaw the Light, for ſhe uſed all poſſible Means to deſtroy him in her Womb; but Drugs were ineffectual, and the Child was born loaded with Diſeaſes which the Kindneſs of his Parent had entailed upon him. He was then delivered to a poor Woman with a Purſe of Guineas, to be nurſed or ſtarved as

ſhe

ſhe thought proper; but the good Woman in three Days Time was weary of her Charge, and by drawing a white Ball took the Opportunity of depoſiting him here.

ARE the Parents entirely regardleſs of his Fate? ſaid *Eugenio.* Regardleſs, anſwered the *Dæmon,*

Scarce does Remembrance ſay the Wretch has been.

Paternal Fondneſs is not always conſpicuous in Perſons of Quality, who having never felt the Iron-hand of Affliction, are incapable of pitying or relieving the Miſeries they never knew. Virtue, my Friend, does not often chuſe a Court for her Place of Reſidence, but rather delights to dwell in *Janſen*'s or in *Warton*'s humble Roofs.

WHAT Child is that, ſaid the Student, in the next Bed with a Ruddineſs in his Complexion very different from the laſt? That, returned the Infernal, is the thirteenth Child of the Houſekeeper of an old Merchant in the City. A Footman who lives in the ſame Houſe is the Father.— The old Gentleman who hath laid Siege to her Chaſtity for many Years, yet always found the Fortreſs impregnable

ble, is now reſolved to make her his Wife, and ſpend the Remainder of his happy Days in the Arms of this Prodigy of Virtue.

The next is the Daughter of Revenge; for that Paſſion was the Occaſion of her viſiting Earth. *Chloe* the Mother, who is now in the forty-fifth Year of her Age, has been married theſe twenty-five Years, and had ſeveral Children. But the Deſire of being as much as poſſible uſeful in her Generation, inſtead of decreaſing, increaſed with her Years. *Paulus* her Yoke-mate, who is above fifty, finding that all his Endeavous to quench her Flame, inſtead of having the deſired Succeſs only added more Fuel to it, reſolved to give over an Attempt more raſh than that of the Giants, when they attempted to Scale the Æthereal Battlements. But O Happineſs! where is thy Dwelling amongſt the Sons of Earth? *Paulus* in vain ſought to find thee, for Active or Paſſive he ſtill was miſerable. *Chloe* who had not for many Nights received the connubial Endearments, ſhe imagined ſhe had a Right to demand, and her Spouſe was unable to give, reſolved to come to an Eclairciſſement. An Opportunity

tunity ſoon offered, for *Paulus* ſtaying at a Tavern, where he had been detained by ſome particular Friends till two o'Clock in the Morning, as ſoon as he was in Bed the Dialogue began in this Manner.

CHLOE.

So, my Dear, a very pretty Hour this, is it not, for a Man who has a Wife and Family, to come ſtaggering Home from a Tavern, where he has been ſotting his Senſes away for ſix Hours together.

PAULUS.

FIE my Dear, you know I neither like nor uſe theſe Hours; but there was Sir *John,* and Mr.—— and *Billy* —— who kept me longer than I would willingly have ſtaid.

CHLOE.

FIDDLE faddle, don't tell me of your Sir *Johns* and the reſt of your Brother-Rakes, it would better have become you and them too, to have been at Home with your Families. But you hate your own Houſe, I know you do Mr. ——, becauſe your poor Wife and Children are in it, elſe you would never act in this Manner.

PAULUS.

I AM ſure my Love I never gave you Occaſion to run on in this Manner.—

CHLOE.

YES my Dear but there is Occaſion and too much Occaſion too, for running on as you call it, my poor Heart is almoſt broke—I am ſure it is—with your unkind Uſage—but I know what you want well enough—you want my poor Head to be laid low in the cold Grave, and then you'll marry ſome flirting Thing or another, and my poor Children muſt be turned out and expoſed to the wide World, oh, oh, *(ſobbing)* the very Thought drives me into Diſtraction. Oh, oh, *(ſobbing again.)*

PAULUS.

I REALLY believe you are diſtracted already—or

CHLOE.

OH would to Heaven I were *(wringing her Hands)* then I ſhould be happy; then I ſhould not feel my Sufferings.

PAULUS.

PRAY my Love compoſe yourſelf *(taking her in her Arms)* what can be the Cauſe

Cauſe of this Raving, you know my Life, I have ever been the fondeſt of Huſbands to you, and the tendereſt Father to our Children, and I aſſure you I have as great a Regard for you now as ever I had.

CHLOE.

REGARD is a cold Word, it is indeed my Dear, it ſavours too much of Indifference: What is Regard to the fervent Love I always bore you. Remember, my Dear, your laſt Illneſs; remember when the whole College of Phyſicians refuſed to * proſcribe for you any longer, and *Thompſon* was called in who ſaved your Life: What did I ſwear upon my Knees? that the Moment you expired, I would ſtrike my Penknife into my poor Boſom and be buried in the ſame Grave with my dear Huſband.

PAULUS.

I REMEMBER your Kindneſs my Life, and always will acknowledge it.

CHLOE.

SWEAR then, do dear *Paulus* ſwear,

* Sic MS. *Tho. Hearne—Proſcribe.* In Orthographia error eſt graviſſimus. At veram recuperavi Lectionem-Lege igitur invitis Codicibus *preſcribe* meo Periculo, *Bentl.*

not that you regard me, I hate that Word, but that you adore me, you love me as much as ever you did.—Do, my dear *Paulus* do, and eaſe me of my Fears *(fondly.)*

PAULUS.

BY all that's ſacred——

CHLOE.

OH, my Life, my Soul, I am ſatiſfied, forgive my unjuſt Suſpicions, let us be happy in one another's Arms; come, my *Paulus*, let us——

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Deſunt Multa.

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That Part of the Dialogue which is here loſt, were our critical Talent made uſe of, might perhaps be reſtored. But Truth, the brighteſt Gem that adorns the Brow of an Hiſtorian, obliges us to declare, that the Manuſcript in this Place is ſo obliterated (whether by Time or Accident we ſhall not at preſent enquire) that it is not legible. We have been therefore obliged to fill up the *Hiatus*, which our grave Readers may perhaps think is *Non deſiendus*, with Aſteriſks, but have preſented

ſented them with the Remainder of the Dialogue, which was recovered by the Labour and Induſtry of the indefatigable Society of *Antiquarians*, to whom we are proud of acknowledging our Obligations.

* * * * * * * * * * *

PAULUS.

* * * * * * Dear, compoſe yourſelf to Reſt.

CHLOE.

REST, to Reſt, ſay you? — No, no, Reſt will for ever be a Stranger to this Boſom. 'Tis well, 'tis mighty well, is this the Reward of all my Care and Tenderneſs.—

PAULUS.

ZOUNDS, Madam, you are almoſt fifty, and I am above that Age. Methinks it is Time that the Fever in your Blood ſhould be cooled.

CHLOE.

'TIS falſe, I fifty, I fifty Years of Age —all the World knows that I was but two and thirty laſt *Auguſt*.

PAULUS.

PAULUS.

BY —— you have declared the ſame theſe twenty Years to my Knowledge.

CHLOE.

O! THE falſe, malicious, ſlanderous Wretch—but abuſe me do, do, thou Monſter, throw away thy Embraces upon ſome naſty Whore or other, and when thy poor Wife aſks for her Due tell her ſhe has a Fever in her Blood, and that ſhe is fifty Years old, do thou Liar.

As ſhe pronounced the laſt Words, *Paulus*, conſcious perhaps of his Deficiency in Point of Duty, very prudently jumped out of Bed, and having dreſſed himſelf, returned to the Tavern from whence he came, where he remained till the Quality Hour of Breakfaſt. What became of the poor Lady? ſaid *Eugenio*, I fancy ſhe had not much Reſt—You are very right replied his infernal Companion, for as ſoon as her Huſband departed, ſhe ſlipt on her Night-gown, aſcended two Pair of Stairs and jumped into the Arms of an *Iriſh* Footman, who pleaſed her ſo well that in a ſhort Time her Anger entirely ſubſided.

Paulus

Paulus at his Return from the Tavern, was ſurprized to find the Sky that a few Hours before had been ſo tempeſtuous, quite ſerene, but the Myſtery was ſoon unravelled when the ſweetly-ſmiling *Chloe* preſented him with a Letter which contained an Account of the Death of his Brother at *Port-Royal* in *Jamaica*, and demanded his Preſence to ſecure the Fortune that was left him by the Deceaſed. *Paulus* reſolved to obey the Summons, and in a ſhort Time after ſet out on his Voyage.

Chloe and *O Shannon* now enjoyed each other without Interruption; the former indeed gave a convincing Proof of her Youth and Fecundity by bringing this Infant into the World, who being born fifteen Months after the Departure of *Paulus*, whoſe Affairs ſtill detain him Abroad, was conveyed to this Place.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

A View of the Foundling Hoſpital continued. Hiſtory of Monſieur Ragout.

THE next Infant is the Offspring of a *French* Cook and the Daughter of a Man of Fortune, who making the Tour of *Europe* to bring over as many exotic Vices as poſſible, had the Happineſs to meet with the celebrated Monſieur *Ragout* at *Paris*, and immediately enliſted him into his Service. *Ragout* by the happy Diſpoſition of a Deſart, at a grand Entertainment given by his Maſter, had the good Fortune to gain his Heart, and was admitted a Confidant in all his Pleaſures, and ſoon after by Methods often practiſed by the Reſt of his Countrymen, became not only Maſter of the whole Family, but likewiſe of his Lord.

WHEN *Tinſel* (the Name of the Dupe of this Wretch) returned to *England*, to take Poſſeſſion of a large Eſtate left him by an old Uncle, *Ragout* attended, and ſoon became enamoured of his Patron's Daughter; not that her Charms, which indeed were not extraordinary, had Power to captivate his Heart, but he hoped by making a bold

Puſh

Puſh to raiſe himſelf at once above Dependance. The young Lady received the Addreſſes of her Father's Cook, with the utmoſt Diſdain and Indignation, but when Monſieur (who was in reality the Son of a Tailor, and had himſelf narrowly eſcaped being broken upon the Wheel for a Robbery he committed) aſſured her that he was deſcended from an ancient and honourable Family in *France*, and that he was reduced to the utmoſt Diſtreſs, occaſioned by his Father's killing a Nobleman in a Duel, and being obliged to fly the Kingdom, leaving all his Eſtates and Effects to the Mercy of the King, or rather of his Miniſters, who ſeized upon and confiſcated them without remorſe, allowing his unfortunate Wife a Penſion of only an hundred Livres *per Annum*; her flinty Heart began to mollify, and her Sagacity ſoon perceived that the Air and Deportment of Monſieur could not belong to a Plebeian born.

Tinſel who obſerved the Familiarity between his Daughter and his Friend, with which Appellation he uſed to honour the Scoundrel, was not in the leaſt diſpleaſed, but often declared in his Daughter's hearing, that he was the moſt

complaiſant Creature and the beſt Companion in the Univerſe. Is it poſſible, ſaid *Eugenio*, who had liſtened very attentively to the Story, that he could approve the Match between his Daughter and the— No ſuch thing, anſwered *Aſmodeus*, the *Frenchman*'s Gallantry was eſteemed the height of Complaiſance and good Breeding, nothing elſe. But to come to a Concluſion; *Ragout* and *Tinſel*'s Daughter were ſoon after made one Fleſh. The Marriage however was concealed for ſome prudential Reaſons, till a Swelling in the Lady's Waſte declared ſhe was no longer to be ranked amongſt the Number of Veſtals. *Ragout* now thought it Time to acquaint the Father how worthy a Son-in-law he was bleſſed with; *Tinſel* received the News with the Serenity of a Philoſopher, and after a few Minutes Heſitation, ſtept into his Cloſet. What now were the happy *Ragout*'s Thoughts? he flattered himſelf his Patron not only forgave but approved the Match. His imagination made room to entertain the glorious Ideas of Wealth and Power which poured in upon his Mind. But alas! whilſt he thought the Goddeſs of Mercy received him in her benignant Arms he was clove in ſunder by the Sword of Juſtice. *Tinſel* came

came out of his Cloſet with his Hands behind him.—Thou haſt married my Daughter, cried he, with a Look that carried Deſtruction in it. The trembling Victim had hardly Time to anſwer him in the Affirmative—when *Tinſel* cried out —Accept this then as her Dower. At theſe Words he clapt a Piſtol to his Head, gave Fire and ſent the wretched *Ragout* an unwilling Victim to the dreary Shades. He then rang the Bell, and ordered his Daughter to attend him—As ſoon as ſhe entered the Room—ſee here fond Girl, he cried, the Villain thou haſt choſen for thy Huſband—It is true, I gave thee Life, but I will not take it away--Hence be miſerable--he then turned her out of Doors without a Shilling and without a Friend. The poor credulous Wretch wandered about from Place to Place, till the Time of her Delivery drew near. In the utmoſt Diſtraction ſhe reſolved to apply to her Acquaintance, but at moſt of their Gates was refuſed Admittance. From others who admitted her into their Preſence, ſhe was ſent away loaden with Reproaches inſtead of Relief. For Compaſſion to diſtreſſed Women is Not the Characteriſtic of the female Sex. at length reſolving to put an End to her

Miſery and Life together, ſhe went into the Park determined to throw herſelf into the Canal: but luckily her Deſign was prevented.— A Gentleman who was a Governor of the moſt uſeful, and to the Shame of the Age be it ſpoken, the moſt neglected of Charities, obſerving her Condition, and gueſſing at her Deſign, watched her narrowly. His Conjectures were ſoon confirmed, and he catched hold of her Garments as ſhe was plunging herſelf into the Water. He then enquired the Reaſon of her attempting to commit ſo raſh an Action; and being informed, with an Humanity peculiar to himſelf conducted her to the Lying-in Hoſpital. There ſhe was received and nurſed with the utmoſt Tenderneſs, till ſhe brought the Child you now behold into the World, and a few Days after departed it herſelf.

WHAT became of the Father? ſaid the Student. He, replied the Infernal, immediately took Poſt-Horſes to *Dover*, and embarqued aboard the Pacquet for *Calais*, where, with the Aſſiſtance of a proſperous Gale, he ſoon arrived. From thence he wrote over to his Friends, urging them to make uſe of all their Influence

ence to procure his Pardon. As this was a Work of Difficulty which he at one Time imagined he never ſhould be able to ſurmount, he aſſociated himſelf with the few remaining Followers of the Chevalier.—In their Company he ſoon learned to rail againſt the preſent Goverment, and extol *their* Fugitive to the Skies. He had not long proceeded in this Strain, when lo! his Pardon arrived. His Tone was ſoon changed, and the virulent Jacobite was immediately metamorphoſed into a loyal Whig. But happening one Evening to affront by his Diſcourſe an *Iriſh* Officer with whom during his Exile he had been very intimate, Words enſued which terminated in a Duel, the Conſequence of which was *Tinſel's* being run through the Body in Sight of the Chalky Cliffs of *Albion*. What Madneſs, ſaid *Eugenio*, can poſſibly induce our People of Quality to be ſo exceſſively fond of *French* Servants, when their own Country People can do their Buſineſs as well, and with much more Fidelity? Is it poſſible you can aſk the Queſtion, replied *Aſmodeus*. Can a dull, plodding *Engliſh* Booby, tain his Maſter's Heart with Flattery half ſo well as a Gentleman from *Paris*? Can he pimp half ſo well?

well? Convey a Note into a Lady's Hand? Or aſſiſt his Lord in the Cure of a faſhionable Diſtemper? Can he inſinuate himſelf with half ſo much Art into his Lord's Boſom; become Maſter of all his Secrets, and then guide and direct him as he pleaſes? Ah! well ſings your honeſt Friend *Sam. Johnſon* (againſt whom it is ſaid ſome * truly great Men have commenced a Proſecution for declaring that there are Thieves in *Newgate.*)

All that at Home no more can beg or ſteal,
Or like a Gibbet better than a Wheel,
Hiſs'd from the Stage, or hooted from the Court,
Their Air, their Dreſs, their Politicks import;
Obſequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's *fond Credulity they prey.*
No gainful Trade their Induſtry can 'ſcape,
They ſing, they dance, clean Shoes, or cure a Clap;
All Sciences a faſting Monſieur knows,
And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.

O all ye glorious Souls that met on † *Runny*

* For a better Idea of truly-great Men, ſee *Fielding*'s Life of *Jonathan Wild paſſim.*

† *Runny Mead* near *Stains*, where the Barons met, and obliged King *John* to ſign *Magna Charta.*

Mead,

Mead, cried the Student, and thou ‡ great Son of Freedom that bledſt for Liberty on *Chalgrave* Field, look down and ſurvey your worthy Deſcendents! Behold them immerſed in Luxury and Sloth, mimicking the Manners of the Nation they ought moſt to deſpiſe, and cheriſhing the Enemies of their Country in their Boſoms. See them laviſhing their paternal Eſtates acquired with Pains and Induſtry, and throwing away Millions without applying a Shilling to relieve diſtreſſed Merit, or encourage the Manufactures of their Country. Then ſelling their Birthright, ineſtimable Liberty and oppreſſing their impoveriſhed Country to retrieve their ruined Fortunes. Rhapſody! mere Rhapſody! interrupted *Aſmodeus*. Who knows not that LUXURY is the Parent of VENALITY. Remember ROME. But come my Friend, let us retire from this Place, and take a View of a very extraordinary Man who has for many Years with his utmoſt Power oppoſed the Torrent of Corruption without being once tainted by the Stream.

‡ Great Son of Freedom. *John Hamden*, Eſq; who was killed in the Battle of *Chalgrave*.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

The Hiſtory of a Senator.

THE *Dæmon Aſmodeus* did not waſte much Time in removing his Companion *Eugenio* from the Foundling-Hoſpital to the Top of a neat elegant Building. Take Notice, ſaid the Infernal, of that venerable Gentleman reading in his Bed. His Countenance tells you he has long been declining into the Vale of Years, and he is now preparing for his Journey into the *Elyſian Fields*. Who is the Gentleman? ſaid *Eugenio*, I am no Stranger to his Face, though I do not at preſent recollect where I have ſeen him. You have often ſeen him, anſwered *Aſmodeus*, at that Seat of Learning and Liberty the Univerſity of *Oxford*. But you ſhall be better acquainted with him.

IT was his Fortune to be firſt returned to Parliament, at a Time when *England* could boaſt the wickedeſt Miniſter in *Europe* at her Helm. With an Eſtate not large but ſufficient, with a Reſolution to preſerve as far as in him lay, the Rights of his Country from Violation, he

he entered the Senate-Houſe. Here he ſilently, though not without Concern, obſerved the violent and too often ſucceſsful Attacks made upon the Liberty and Conſtitution of the Kingdom. He ſaw the Miniſter puſhing for unlimited Power, and the few real Patriots unable to reſiſt him. *Vallius*, for that is the Perſon's Name you now behold, conſtantly gave his Vote according to his Judgment, and as he thought would be moſt conducive to the Intereſt of his Conſtituents; And by theſe Means in an hundred Diviſions never voted once for the Court Party.

The Miniſter who had too great a Majority in the Houſe to fear any thing from the oppoſite Party, now formed a Scheme, which had it ſucceeded would have entailed Slavery upon the Nation. Having communicated his Propoſal to ſeveral of his Friends, he found thoſe who had any Remains of Honour, ſtartled at the Scheme.—Fearing therefore that ſeveral of his Friends would deſert him when it came to the Puſh, he reſolved to buy over as many as he could of the contrary Intereſt. *Vallius* who had ſat in the Houſe above a Twelvemonth without

ſpeaking once to the Queſtion, was now applied to. He received a ſhort Billet from the Miniſter, deſiring an Interview with him at ſuch an Hour. *Vallius* attended at the appointed Time and was introduced into his Cloſet, when the Miniſter firſt broke Silence. I have obſerved you, young Man, ſaid he, ever ſince you have been in the Houſe conſtantly dividing againſt me. I know the Reaſon well enough, your Fortune is but ſmall, a Place or Penſion from the Government would be of no Diſſervice to you, and you thought an Oppoſition to my Schemes would enhance your Price. But to tell you the Truth, I have ſo many Penſioners to maintain that the Treaſury is almoſt exhauſted. However, I have now an Offer to make, which I believe, will not be at all diſagreeable. He then opened his Project, and concluded with offering *Vallius* a Place of three Hundred *per Annum* which was vacant, if he would aſſiſt him in the Proſecution of it. Three Hundred Pounds a Year, ſaid *Vallius*, with the utmoſt Aſtoniſhment and Indignation. Three Hundred Pounds a Year, retorted the Miniſter with ſome Quickneſs, let me tell you, Sir, is not to be deſpiſed by a Man who is no Speaker, and

whoſe

whoſe whole Buſineſs is to ſay aye or no as he is directed; beſides ſomething better may drop in a ſhort Time, and upon the Honour of a Stateſman you ſhall be remembered. Do you then really think Sir, anſwered *Vallius*, that the Sum you mention is a ſufficient Equivalent for Conſcience and Honour—Do I not tell you, ſaid the Miniſter, you ſhall be preferred—Here's a Piece of Work to make a Man accept of a lucrative Place, only for pronouncing a Monoſyllable now and then. Beſides you know very well that thoſe who ought to be beſt acquainted with Conſcience and Honour always Vote on my Side. The Perſons you mention, anſwered *Vallius*, may act as they pleaſe, —you, Sir, would bribe me to be a Villain, I thank you, nay the worſt of Villains, a Betrayer of the Liberty of my Country.—Your Scheme is pernicious to the Community and if it ſhould paſs into a Law, would open a Door to Exciſemen and Informers, the Worſt of Plagues that ever infeſted any Country under Heaven. —Nay keep your Frowns for thoſe who fear them. I have ſo much regard for you as a human Creature, that I will do all in my Power to prevent your meeting the Fate of the leſs guilty *De Witt*, and

my Veneration for the Liberties of my native Iſle is ſuch, that you may aſſure yourſelf that I will uſe all my power and Intereſt to render your deſtructive Project abortive. The Miniſter who had conceived a very mean Opinion of the Abilities of *Vallius*, notwithſtanding he had been too long in his Office to be diſcountenanced by juſt Reproaches, was yet in as great Surpriſe as *Rome* when ſhe ſaw a ſuppoſed Madman put himſelf at the Head of the Friends of Freedom, and drive her bloody Tyrant from his Throne. Conſcious of his Weakneſs in revealing his Deſign to an Enemy, before he had a proper Opportunity of putting it in Execution, he laid hold of *Vallius*'s Skirts as he was departing the Cloſet without Ceremony, and addreſſed him in a more ſubmiſſive Tone. Come, come, Sir, let us be Friends, I perceive I have made a great Miſtake, but I will ſet all right again. I did not know your Abilities before, or I ſhould not have offered ſuch a paultry Sum. I own you had Cauſe to be offended at me for not bidding up to your Price at firſt. If you will ſtand my Friend and ſpeak and vote for me, a Penſion of a Thouſand a Year is at your Service, and to let you ſee my good Intentions,

tions, the firſt Year's Income is due to-day, and here it is. At theſe Words he offered *Vallius* a Handful of Bank-Notes, who without ſaying another Word, flung out of the Room, and ordered his Coachman to drive to *White*'s.

THE Miniſter was not a little chagreened at his abrupt Departure, and heartily curſed the Falſity of his favourite Maxim, "that every Man has his Price." But his Wrath ſoon ſubſided, and he coolly debated with himſelf how he ſhould make this Falcon ſtoop to his Lure. Chance, Fate or Fortune, call it by what Name you pleaſe, which often executes what human Induſtry with all its Efforts could never accompliſh, aſſiſted the Miniſter in this Dilemma, by bringing a particular Favourite into his Cloſet. This Worthy was ycleped *Play-deep*, one of the greateſt Gameſters in the Kingdom; he had indeed by his Dexterity in handling a Box and Dice, acquired a handſome Fortune, and now rode within a Coach as often as he formerly rode on the Outſide. The Miniſter who entruſted this Gentleman with his moſt ſecret Thoughts, acquainted him with the Converſation he had had with

Vallius,

Vallius. Oh, anſwered the Minion, I know him very well. He's more an antique *Roman*, than a modern *Briton*. But he has one Foible that makes the Character I have given of him a little inconſiſtent: He is exceſſively fond of Gaming, and that is an Art the *Romans* were ignorant of, as I never read of ſuch a Thing in any of their Authors.

Give me Leave to interrupt you one Moment *Aſmodeus*, ſaid *Eugenio*. How could *Playdeep* aſſert, that Gaming was a Vice unknown to the *Romans*, when all their Satiriſts—Huſh, huſh, ſaid the *Dæmon*, none of your Quotations I intreat you. *Playdeep* aſſerted he never read of any ſuch a Thing in any of their Authors; and indeed it was impoſſible he ſhould, for being bred up upon a Common, he was not even taught his Horn-book.

But to return to my Story. The Miniſter ordered *Playdeep* to drive as faſt as poſſible to *White*'s, and by any Means to draw *Vallius* into Play. Let him win, continued he, a few Games to draw hin on, and then pretend to be in a great Paſſion with your Ill-luck, and bet him high.

Play-

Playdeep, who underſtood Gaming as well or better than the Miniſter did Politics, wanted no Inſtructions, and having received a conſiderable Part of the Bank-Notes intended for *Vallius*, immediately ſet out in Queſt of his Prey.

Here, gentle Reader, being deſirous of a little Reſpite from our Labour, we deſire thee to take the like before thou proceedeſt to the next Chapter.

CHAP. V.

Continuation of the Hiſtory of a Senator.

Playdeep ſoon arrived at the celebrated Nurſery of our young Nobility and Gentry, and obſerved *Vallius* walking round the Room and looking at the Gameſters. He invited him to kill an Hour or two at Hazard, and the Senator accepted the Invitation with Pleaſure. To ſay the Truth, his Itch for Gaming was very great, and he was addicted to it to an exceſſive Degree. But bad Weeds often ſhoot up in the richeſt Ground. *Playdeep* ſucceeded to his Wiſh, for *Vallius*, encouraged with winning half a Dozen Games, willingly agreed with

with *Playdeep*'s Propoſal to piddle for 500 l. a Game. To be brief, before Morning *Vallius* had loſt all his ready Caſh, and was indebted to his worthy Companion in the Sum of 8000 l.

Playdeep returned with the utmoſt Joy to the Miniſter, who congratulated him on his Succeſs, and the diſconſolate *Vallius* to his Bed, where he had not been long before a Servant awaked him, with the melancholy News of the Arrival of an Expreſs, which brought an Account of his Country-Houſe being deſtroyed by Fire, and not one Thing of Value ſaved. Such a Complication of Misfortunes was enough to ſhake the moſt conſtant Mind, and the Remembrance of his Folly the laſt Night ſtung him ſeverely. However he bore his Calamities like a Man, and reſolved that his Country ſhould not be a Sufferer by his Inadvertency. He had not long continued in this Train of Thought when it was interrupted by one of the Miniſter's Emiſſaries, who made him the ſame Offer his Maſter had done the Day before. Tell the Miniſter, ſaid *Vallius* with a Frown, not at all rendered more pleaſant by the late News he had received, That

I value my Liberty at a higher Rate than all his Power and Places can purchaſe, and I deſire to hear no more of him or his Offers. The Meſſenger returned with his Anſwer, which was not in the leaſt pleaſing to his Maſter, who, after a few Minutes Conſideration ordered *Playdeep* to be ſent for. This faithful Servant immediately obeyed his Orders, and arrived at his Maſter's Gate within an Hour after he had received his Mandate.

WHAT ſaid *Eugenio*, was the Reaſon *Playdeep* was ſo entirely devoted to the Miniſter? you have not mentioned any Places he poſſeſſed, or any private Penſion he received. Gratitude, mere Gratitude, anſwered *Aſmodeus*, was the Cauſe. The unfortunate *Playdeep* one luckleſs Night loſt all his Fortune (which indeed, at that Time amounted to no more than what he had in his Pocket) at Play, and the next Morning thought proper to ſtop the Coach of the Nobleman to whom he had loſt his Money the Night before: Though he ſucceeded in fingering the Caſh, he was not altogether ſo lucky in eſcaping undiſcovered, for my Lord immediately recollected the Voice and Perſon of his Brother Gambler, and upon his Return to

Town took proper Care to have him ſecured. *Playdeep* upon his being apprehended ſhewed great Signs of Contrition, and indeed his Sorrow was unfeigned; for he ſincerely repented—Not that he had robbed, but that he had been taken. However a Gleam of Hope broke in upon his benighted Soul; he had once been ſerviceable to the Miniſter, in an Election for a certain Borough; to him therefore he applied, and begged hard to be extricated out of his calamitous Circumſtances. The great Man to do him Juſtice, had not quite ſo much of the Courtier in him as to ſuffer a Friend whom he imagined might be of Service to him hereafter, to be hanged; but ſent his Complements to the Nobleman, deſiring that the Priſoner might be releaſed, the Matter huſhed up, and at the ſame Time promiſing the Caſh ſtolen ſhould be returned. The Nobleman had not ſo much of the Savage in him, as to deny the Requeſt, and ſet *Playdeep* at Liberty, who ever ſince has been entirely at the Devotion of the Man who had preſerved him from the Gallows. Such is the Force of Gratitude in the moſt worthleſs of Mankind.

But to return, the Miniſter ordered *Playdeep* to draw *Vallius* again into Play, and if poſſible, to fleece him as much as before, well knowing that Poverty and Virtue are not always Companions. It cannot be ſuppoſed that the Gambler needed much Intreaty to conſent to a Scheme which was ſo lucrative to himſelf, he again went to the Place of Action and ordered his Footman to write the following Note to *Vallius*.

SIR, White's 10 *Minutes after* 6.

If you have a Mind to take your Revenge, I have a leaſure Hour or two upon my Hands, and am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

JOSHUA PLAYDEEP.

Vallius, though not in the beſt Humour to reliſh any Diverſion, yet had not Philoſophy enough to reſiſt the inviting Temptation, but pleaſed with the Thought (how often fatal and deluſive) of regaining what he had loſt, ordered his Chariot and drove to the appointed Place to meet his Antagoniſt. The Game was ſoon commenced, *Playdeep* was again ſucceſsful, till at length one of the worthieſt Men

in the Kingdom (bating his Itch for Gaming,) was obliged to give his Bond for twenty thouſand Pounds to the greateſt Scoundrel in it.

I AM not at all ſorry for it, ſaid *Eugenio*, if a Man of Character and Fortune will venture them with a Raſcal who has neither, he muſt take the Conſequence. Of all Vices, Gaming, in my Opinion, is the moſt pernicious to Mankind. Ambition may be ſatisfied; Luſt moſt commonly loſes Ground as Age and Debilty come on. Hatred often ſinks into Contempt, and the Snakes of Envy have ere now been lulled to Repoſe. But the Monſter Gaming is never ſatisfied, but the more it devours the more it craves. Behold its Votaries as unhappy with Thouſands, as when poſſeſſed of one ſingle Shilling, leading a Life ſo fluctuating and uncertain, that it is ſcarce more elegible than that of a Malefactor going to Execution.—But I aſk your Pardon for this Interruption; proceed, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Vallius, continued *Aſmodeus*, was departing the Room and curſing his ill Fortune, inſtead of his own Miſconduct, when

when *Playdeep* pulled him by the Sleeve. Sir, ſaid he, one Word if you pleaſe in private: You know that you owe me twenty thouſand Pounds. You know likewiſe that a certain Affair comes on in the Houſe To-morrow. There is a Way to retrieve your Loſs, and make the great Man your Friend for ever. He will compromiſe the Matter with you, Sir. He does not deſire you to vote with him, only to abſent yourſelf from the Houſe till the Affair is determined, and let every Thing that has paſſed between you be buried in Oblivion. On theſe Conditions I will cancel your Bond, and am authorized to ſay, the promiſed Penſion ſhall be yours. Very few Men, Sir, I aſſure you, continued *Playdeep*, would have any ſuch Offers made them; but as you are in the Secret——Sir, ſaid the Senator, if you continue this Diſcourſe any longer, I ſhall reſent it in a Manner that may not be very pleaſing to you.—You may act as you think proper, Sir, continues the other, all I have been ſaying is for your Advantage, and I would have you conſider it as ſuch. Believe me, Sir, Patriotiſm and Love of one's Country, are ſounding Names, but there is very little

little elſe in them but the Sound. In a Word, thoſe who uſe them moſt, have a Place or Penſion in View, and when they have attained their End, they change Sides without the leaſt Reluctance, and leave the pompous Names I have mentioned, to be uſed by others who perhaps have the ſame Deſigns. Leave me, ſaid *Vallius* angrily.——Indeed you had better go with me to the Miniſter, continued the other, leave your WYNDHAM's, BARNARD's and SHIPPEN's, and a few other old-faſhioned obſtinate Devils to themſelves, and ſee if their Patriotiſm will portion their Children, or the Country they pretend to love ſo much, reimburſe them one ſingle Doit of all they have expended to ſerve her. For your Part if you have any Fancy to a Peerage ——Tell thy Maſter, Wretch, ſaid the Senator with the utmoſt Indignation, I ſhall ſee him at the Houſe To-morrow— and turning upon his Heel immediately quitted the Room, leaving *Playdeep* in the greateſt Amazement imaginable, that any Man ſhould be ſo fooliſh and ſtupid as to refuſe bartering his Liberty for ſo conſiderable a Sum.

WHAT became of *Vallius*? ſaid *Eugenio*. He plainly perceived, anſwered the Infernal, that he had been a Dupe to the Miniſter, or in other Words, to his own Folly. However he reſolved to ſell off Part, and that not the leaſt of his Eſtate to ſatisfy *Playdeep*. For Debts of Honour muſt be paid even to a Scoundrel, though a whole Family be impoveriſhed by it, and the Tradeſmen who ſerve it ruined.

THE next Morning *Vallius* attended the Houſe, and when the Miniſter opened the Debate, and expatiated on the Uſefulneſs of his darling Scheme, and enumerated the Advantages that would accrue to the Nation from it, with his uſual Floridneſs of Style. *Vallius* ſtood up, and in an Oration that would have done Honour to the greateſt Orator that *Greece* or *Rome* ever produced, ſo manifeſtly proved the evil Tendency of the moſt wicked of Projects, and the unavoidable Deſtruction in which it would involve the Liberties and Trade of the Kingdom, that there was not a Man preſent, the Miniſter himſelf not excepted, but was convinced of the Danger

ger of its paſſing into a Law. But what can Rhetorick though backed by Truth, effect when oppoſed by all-alluring Gold? Let it ſuffice that the Miniſter and his Slaves prevailed, and the Bill was ordered to be read a ſecond Time.

If I remember right, ſaid the Student, the Bill did not paſs into a Law. It did not, anſwered *Aſmodeus*, for it was after a ſecond Reading dropped by the Miniſter, who was juſtly apprehenſive of a general Inſurrection, and that he himſelf ſhould firſt feel its Fury.

But to conclude the Hiſtory of *Vallius*. He oppoſed the Bill with his utmoſt Might, and had the Satisfaction to ſee it miſcarry. I hope that the Man, ſaid *Eugenio*, who had Ability to manage the State, had Prudence enough to manage the Remains of his own Fortune. Did he ever play again? Very ſoon after, returned the *Dæmon*, for viſiting the old Place of Rendezvous, he met with *Playdeep*, who now reſolved to take the whole Management of the Senator's Fortune entirely into his Hands. But for once he was miſtaken. *Vallius* was ſucceſsful in Spite of all the Efforts and Art of his Adverſary,

verſary, and after a whole Nights play recovered fifteen of his twenty Thouſand Pounds. *Playdeep* irritated at his Ill-luck, offered to determine the remainding five Thouſand by toſſing up a Guinea, the Propoſal was accepted, and *Vallius* was the Winner. The chagrined *Playdeep* returned to his Lodging ſufficiently mortified, and *Vallius* to his own Houſe highly pleaſed with this Run of good Luck. He however had the Prudence to reſolve never after to loſe above a certain Sum at a Time, and what is extraordinary, hath not broke his Reſolution. He is now you ſee gradually deſcending into the Grave, after having ſerved his Country faithfully in the Capacity of a Senator for a great Number of Years; untainted by Corruption, unbiaſſed by Offers, he has lived, and will die a ſteady Aſſertor of the Rights and Liberties of his Country.

CHAP. VI.

The Life of an Author.

I THINK my Friend *Eugenio*, ſaid *Aſmodeus*, we have ſeen enough here, let us, if you pleaſe, move to another Quarter. With all my Heart, replied the Stu-

dent, but to what Part of the Town ſhall we now direct our Courſe? To a Lodging-Houſe in the bleſſed Pariſh of St. *Giles*'s, anſwered his Companion: Give me your Hand—We are now arrived at the deſtined Place.

Observe that Perſon in a very ragged Plight in Poſſeſſion of the upper Room, riſing in a great Hurry out of a miſerable Bed; That my Friend is one of thoſe unfortunate Wretches, commonly called Authors. Unfortunate they deſerve to be, returned the Student, if without Genius, Judgment and Learning they vainly attempted to improve and divert the Public. But this Author is not one of that Claſs, I aſſure you, anſwered the *Dæmon*, he is a Man of extenſive Reading and univerſal Knowledge in the *Belles Lettres*, had he been poſſeſſed of leſs Wit in all Probability a greater Share of Happineſs had been his Portion. Being the younger Son of a very large Family in the Weſt of *England*, his Fortune was far from being competent, and the Pride of his Parents would not ſuffer him to be of any Trade. By this abſurd Method of Proceeding, he found himſelf at the Death of his Father poſſeſſed of the Sum of three

three Hundred Pounds, which he imagined, in all human Probability, would all be ſpent before he could fix himſelf in any Buſineſs. Trade, as I ſaid before, he was was unacquainted with, and the Intereſt of the Family died with the Maſter of it. *Marcus*, the Name of the Perſon you now behold, reſolved not to paſs his Life in the Worſt of Stations, Depenpendance upon an elder Brother, but having received his Portion of the Eſtate left by his Father, bid adieu to his native Country, and made the beſt of his Way to this Metropolis, where in a ſhort Time he diſſipated his ſmall Fortune. Poverty now appeared to him in the Shape of an old Acquaintance, and informed him that unleſs he put himſelf into ſome Way of getting Money he muſt certainly be ſtarved.

Now it hath been obſerved, and I believe truly, that a Man of lively Parts never can become what is commonly called a Man of Buſineſs. And *Marcus* contented himſelf with acknowledging the Truth of the Obſervation, without the leaſt Deſign of attempting to confute it by Experience. However, the Demand of his Landlord for three Months Rent,

rouſed him a little from his Lethargy. The Love of Fame which intirely ſubſided in his Breaſt whilſt his Money laſted, now began to revive again. Having been educated at the Univerſity of *Oxford*, and being a Friend to the Muſes, he reſolved (to ſpeak in the Language of one of the beſt Poets this Age hath produced)

To hold ſhort Dalliance with the tuneful Nine.

A ſmall Poem was in Conſequence of this Determination ſoon compoſed, with which he went to an eminent Bookſeller, hoping that the Copy-Money would not only pay his Landlord, but bring an additional Guinea or two into his Pocket.

It happened that *Marcus* arrived at the Bookſeller's Door juſt as that Patron of Literature had ſat down to Dinner. *Marcus*, without waiting for a Sir *Clement Cotterel* to introduce him, ruſhed into the Shop, and in a Voice not the moſt humble, demanded to ſee the Maſter of it. The Retailer of Literature alarmed at the Sound, haſtily roſe up from his Dinner imagining that it proceeded from ſome

ſome of his Gentlemen-Authors who take no Money for their Performances: He entered therefore his Shop with a Look full of Reſpect and Obſequiouſneſs, which was ſoon changed into a magiſterial Frown when he beheld the unfortunate Author. What is your Buſineſs Friend with me? cried the Bookſeller in a haughty Tone. *Marcus* replied, that he had a ſmall Poem in his Pocket which he wanted to diſpoſe of. What, cried the other with a Sneer, you are an Author then, are you? indeed I judged as much by your ruſty black Coat and Tye-wig without a crooked Hair in it. Prithee learn more Manners for the future than to interrupt Gentlemen when they are at Dinner. This ſaid, with an Air of Contempt he turned his Back upon *Marcus* and returned again to his Repaſt.

Did not the Author reſent this Uſage, ſaid *Eugenio.* A very pretty Thing anſwered *Aſmodeus*, is it not, for a Man to think of Reſentment when he has not a Guinea in the World? Poverty generally ſubdues the proudeſt Spirit, and this was exemplified in *Marcus*, who waited in the Shop till the *great* Man had dined.

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Now

Now and then, however, repeating to himſelf the ſaying of a *Roman* Satiriſt

Haud facile Emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obſtat
Res Anguſta Domi; ſed Romæ *durior illis*
Conatus.——

Dinner at length being ended, *Marcus* was called into the Parlour, and the Bookſeller began as follows. Where is this Poem? let me ſee it. Poetry, Friend, is a mere Drug now-a-days. Your Odes, your Lyrics, and Imitations of *Horace*, are not worth one Farthing. Novels, your Novels, are the only ſelling Things I know of; now-and-then indeed a ſmart Thing that ridicules Religion, and Parſons, and that Sort of People, will have a Run. But here *Marcus* prevented his proceeding any further in his Diſcourſe by putting a Poem into his Hands. The Bookſeller, with the moſt ſagacious Countenance he could put on, peruſing it for ſome Time, often knitting his Brows and frowning, at length broke Silence: Low, very low indeed, execrable! what curſed Lines are theſe?

Thy

Thy Pray'r, thy Praiſe, thy Life to Vice unknown,
In ſweet Memorial riſe before the Throne:
Theſe Charms Succeſs in our bright Region find,
And force an Angel down to calm thy Mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the Sky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel—thy Fellow-Servant I.

Do you call this Stuff, Poetry Friend? Yes indeed do I, anſwered *Marcus*. But I have made a great Miſtake here, that Poem you are reading Sir, is none of mine. I tranſcribed it for a Friend to whom I had promiſed it, and putting it in the ſame Pocket with my own, occaſioned the Error. If you pleaſe to return me *that* Poem, here is my own. I ſubmit it to your Peruſal with the greateſt Pleaſure as you have fully convinced me that you are a very good Judge of Poetry, for a Bookſeller—Bookſeller Sir, anſwered the other with no little Warmth, I'd have you to know Sir, that I am an Author myſelf, and have written ſeveral very taking Things. Did you never read my Comedy of two Acts, called the ——— or my ——— a Poem in blank Verſe, or my ——— a muſical Entertainment, which

which is often played with the greateſt Applauſe at * * * * * * * But theſe are *Trifles* in Compariſon with my *Ne plus Ultra*, my MONODY on the Death of a Ladies favourite Owl; I will read a few Lines to you. But you muſt remember that the Scene lies in *Arcadia*, and that the Speakers are *Corydon*, *Phillis* and *Chloe*.

Marcus could not forbear ſmiling at the laſt Words, which irritated the Author-Bookſeller to ſuch a Degree, that he deſired him to quit the Room. You an Author, ſaid he, a fine Fellow, are you not? to tranſcribe, as you have confeſſed, an other Man's Works, and then offer to ſell them as your own. Are you not, replied the Author, a very proper Judge of Poetry, who could call as excellent a Poem as any in the *Engliſh* Language, *low* and *execrable*. The Author of the Verſes you have condemned was Doctor *Parnell*, late Arch-Deacon of *Clogher*, whom his Friend Mr. *Pope* declares to have been.

Bleſt in each Science, bleſt in ev'ry Strain.

As

As to your Charge of offering to ſell another Man's Works for my own, I deny it, though this I believe, had I been Raſcal enough to have made the Attempt, you are the only Man in the whole Trade that could have been impoſed upon in ſo groſs a Manner.

Marcus was now turning out of the Room, when the Bookſeller nettled at his egregious Miſtake, called after him, pray Sir, will you do me the Favour to inform me, in what Country you were born; In *England*, replied *Marcus*. Pray Sir, will you do me the Favour to inform me what Reaſon you had for aſking that Queſtion. I meant no Offence, I aſſure you, anſwered the other, more ſubmiſſive than before, had you been an *Iriſhman* the Blunders in your Work would probably have ſold it, and if a *Scotchman*, I would have recommended you to a very good Friend of mine of that Country, in the *Strand*. But let me ſee your own Poem —Aye—pretty enough—this Copy looſely printed, *more Milleriano & meo*, will, with the Aſſiſtance of a Baſtard-Title, make five Sheets in *Quarto*, and five Sheets will make a very good two Shilling Pamphlet. Now if you will depoſite

twenty Guineas into my Hands, as a Security, that I ſhall not be a Loſer by the Expence of Printing, Paper and Advertiſements, I do not care if I publiſh your Pamphlet. *Marcus*, inſtead of complying with this Demand (which indeed it was out of his Power to do) ſnatched the Poem out of his Hands and departed the Room without any further Ceremony.

The diſappointed Author applied to ſeveral other Bookſellers, but the ſame Demand of Security from Loſs was demanded, at length he happened to meet with a young Fellow juſt ſet up, who offered to print the Poem at his own Expence, and to account to the Author for the Half of any Advantages that might accrue from the Publication. The Propoſal was immediately complied with, and *Marcus* returned Home to his Lodging. To be brief, the Poem was publiſhed, and the Sale juſtified the moſt ſanguine Expectations of the Author, who was enabled to diſcharge the Reckoning he owed his Landlord, and pay off a few other ſmall Debts which he had contracted. The Author-Bookſeller above mentioned, finding the Poem he had unadviſedly rejected ſold very well, reſolved to ſecure the

Author

Author of it for himſelf, and ſent a very complaiſant Meſſuage to him, deſiring the Favour of his Company to Dinner on a certain Day. *Marcus* complied with the Invitation, and was received with the utmoſt Civility. Dinner ended, a long Diſcourſe enſued, which terminated in a Propoſal of the Bookſeller's for *Marcus* immediately to ſet about a larger Work. The Author had no Objection but one to the Propoſal, which was that as he could not complete his Performance in leſs than three Months, Money to pay his Landlord and find himſelf in Neceſſaries, would certainly be wanted. This Difficulty was immediately obviated by the Bookſeller, who put ten Guineas into his Hand, and deſired him to draw upon him for a Sum of the ſame Value, if he wanted it within the appointed Time.

On the appointed Day the Work was produced into the World, and *Marcus* flattered himſelf that by his Writings he might gain a competent Livelihood. But he was unfortunately diſappointed, for calling at the Bookſellers about a Month after the Publication of his Book to recruit his Caſh, which was by this Time pretty well ſunk, he was anſwered, that his Performance had not ſold ſufficiently to

defray even the Expence of Advertiſing; and that he ſhould next Day have an Account of the Gain and Loſs. *Marcus* was Thunder-ſtruck at the News, but he had no Remedy, for his Contract with the Bookſeller being only Verbal, and having no Witneſſes to prove it, he found his Affairs in a Situation very far from Agreeable. However the next Day, by the Account he received he was thirty-ſeven Pound eighteen Shillings and ten Pence Debtor to his Bookſeller. Then the poor Man's Book it ſeems, ſaid *Eugenio*, did not ſell at all? You are very much miſtaken, anſwered *Aſmodeus*. The firſt Edition was ſold off in a very few Days, and unknown to the Author, a Second was printed, of which very few remained, when *Marcus* applied to his Publiſher for a Reinforcement. He had not a great Deal of Time to debate what Methods he muſt perſue to extricate himſelf out of this Difficulty, when a Porter from a Neighbouring Tavern brought Word, that a Gentleman there deſired to ſpeak with him. The unſuſpicious *Marcus* went along with the Meſſenger, and had no ſooner entered the Tavern, than a Two-legged Animal, well known for its Antipathy to Authors, layed its tremendous

mendous and tenacious Paw upon his Shoulder. Not to be myſterious, he was arreſted at the Suit of his Bookſeller, and immediately conducted to the Bailiff's Houſe in *Gray*'s-*Inn-Lane*.

Marcus a little recovered from his Surprize, intreated the Officer to let him remain in his Houſe (which was ſcarce one Degree better than a Priſon) only one Week, at the Expiration of which he hoped to be able to diſcharge the Debt. —How could the Author, ſaid *Eugenio*, have any Hopes of Relief unleſs from his Brother? O, anſwered the Infernal, he imagined that this was a

Dignus Vindice Nodus

And that according to his Notion of poetical Juſtice, *Phœbus* would certainly deſcend to aſſiſt him. But he was miſtaken, his *mortal* Brother refuſed to anſwer his Letter, and his *immortal* Patron either did not hear or diſregarded his Prayer, being better employed in ſporting with the tuneful Siſters on the flowery Side of *Pindus*.—The Bailiff after a little Heſitation—a Week—a Week is a long Time, Maſter, but to be ſure if Gentlemen

men will be generous and ſpend their Money freely——Really Friend, anſwered the Author, I have no Gold left in my Pocket, and very little Silver, but if you will give me Credit till I have extricated myſelf out of this Perplexity——Credit, interrupted the moſt humane of Mankind, credit a Poet! No, no Maſter, I have *nabb'd* too many of your Profeſſion in my Time for that, and by ——they are a Parcel of the moſt Poverty-ſtruck Dogs that ever came under my Hands. And ſo Maſter, d'ye ſee, if you do not pay me five Guineas within theſe two Hours, you muſt go to *Newgate*, that's all Maſter—No Bail I ſuppoſe?——I know not where to get any, Friend, anſwered the diſconſolate Author. As for five Guineas, you might as well have demanded five Millions, for I am as able to pay one as the other

Quid petitur Sacris, niſi tantùm Fama, Poëtis?
Hoc Votum Noſtri ſumma Laboris habet.
Cura Ducum fuerant olim, Regumque Poëtæ.

Nunc Ederæ ſine Honore jacent: Operataque Doctis
Cura Vigil Muſis, Nomen Inertis habet.

Aye,

Aye, aye Maſter, cried the Officer, you may Spout as much as you pleaſe—will your *Febuſis* and *Muſis* lend you a ſingle Shilling to buy you a Dinner when you want it. You had better be acquainted with one ſubſtantial Houſekeeper, than all the damned Heathen-*Greek* Authors you have mentioned. But come Maſter, I ſcorn to ill-uſe any Gentleman in your Circumſtances, let's ſee the Inſide of your Pockets. *Marcus* complied, and produced nine Shillings, which was all he had in the World. The Officer ſhook his Head, pocketed the Money, and turning his Back upon the Priſoner locked the Door and left him to his Meditations.

WHAT, ſaid *Eugenio*, could be the Occaſion of this Brute's gentle Treatment? He knew very well, anſwered *Aſmodeus*, what he was doing. The Bookſeller had given him Orders not to carry *Marcus* to Priſon upon any Account, as that in all Probability would have fruſtrated his Scheme, which was to frighten him into a Compliance with his Demands. The next Morning the Officer went into *Marcus's* Room and told him he muſt carry

carry him directly to *Newgate*, and that a Coach was waiting at the Door for that Purpoſe. Did not you promiſe me, Sir, ſaid the Author, that I ſhould remain here a Week? A Week for nine Shillings! replied the conſcientious Bailiff. Lord bleſs you Maſter I have often had a Brace of Guineas for half an Hour: *Wherefore* if you do not immediately make up Matters with the Plaintiff who is now below, you know your Fate— Let me ſee him ſaid *Marcus*, ſhow him up Stairs. You may as well walk down into the Parlour to him, anſwered the other. To conclude, the Bookſeller and the Author met. The former propoſed that the latter ſhould engage to write or tranſlate as he was ordered, at a ſettled Sum *per* Sheet, till the Debt was repaid. *Marcus*, very much againſt the Grain, was by Neceſſity compelled to comply with the Propoſal. He very well knew that he was entering into a State of Thraldom, but a Garret was deemed much more eligible than a Priſon. The Contract being ſigned, the Priſoner was diſcharged, and the Bookſeller to his great Surprize put a Bank-Note into his Hands. There, Sir, ſaid he, you ſee I am inclined to deal generouſly by you; pay

for

for your former Lodging, and take one leſs expenſive: A Garret is the only Place for a Man to write well in. There never yet was a maſterly Performance compoſed on a Ground-floor, and Poverty brightens all the Senſes to a ſurpriſing Perfection. The only Way to render your Name immortal, and to cauſe your Works to be read with univerſal Applauſe after your deceaſe, is to ſtarve when alive. *Spencer*, *Butler*, and many others I could mention, took this Method, and you ſee the Conſequence. Take my Word, Sir, the Recipe is infallible.

At theſe Words the *Dæmon Aſmodeus* gave a great Start, and preſently after cried out,--*Eugenio*, I am called—in a few Minutes my utmoſt Time will expire.—But not to leave my Story unfiniſhed, the Author has ever ſince been a Slave to the worſt of Tyrants; but his Captivity is ended. He hath juſt received the News of his elder Brother's Death, who broke his Neck in the Perſuit of a Fox, leaving no Children behind him. Again! I come, cried the *Dæmon*, but let me firſt convey you

from the Top of this Houſe into the Street——there—give me your Hand, farewel, my Friend, for ever—this is the laſt Moment you will ever behold me. I have preſented to your View the Vices and Follies of Mankind, make a proper Uſe of my Kindneſs, and avoid treading the Paths I have taught you to ſhun. Once more farewel,

BE VIRTUOUS AND BE HAPPY.

The friendly *Aſmodeus* at this Inſtant vaniſhed into Air, leaving the Student *Eugenio* lamenting the Loſs of ſo inſtructive a Monitor.

The E N D.

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